THE REPUBLICAN.

Devoted to Literature, News of the Day, Agriculture, and Important Local Intelligence, Etc.

VOLUME VII — MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874. — NUMBER 7.

PASSED.

Nevermore, nevermore,
When the twilight pale and gray
Veils the golden brow of day,
Shall I, looking through the gate
Wait, wait, long and late,
For thy coming—nevermore!

Nevermore, nevermore,
When the breathless trance of June
Glitters in the rising moon,
Underneath a whispering tree,
Shall I wait, wait for thee,
Linger for thee—nevermore.

Nevermore, nevermore,
Where the blossomed branches spread
Dew and odor overhead,
Shall I sit beside thee, dear,
All thy secret heart to hear,
Thy consoler—nevermore.

Nevermore, nevermore,
All that poignant past is fled;
I am living, thou art dead.
I have drained the chalice sweet,
Thy quick heart has ceased to beat:
Life shall vex thee nevermore.

Nevermore, nevermore!
Earth has sung the song to thee;
Heaven returns it unto me,
In thy blessing blessed I go,
Home enfolds thee; thou shalt know
Mortal anguish nevermore.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S BABY.

I had been considering for about a year whether I should marry Winifred Hanway, when I heard that she was engaged to the philosopher. Why did she accept him? It is true that he is both imaginative and critical; but faculties exercised in the incubation of psychological hypotheses, and the laborious destruction of those of one's neighbor, do not usually rouse the sympathy of a bright and beautiful girl, who is more fit to live, than to think about life. He is certainly handsome, but as certainly his clothes are barbarous. His trousers cannot keep their shape for a day; and his hats are never new. If he notices the rain he opens an umbrella which might have served as an ineffectual protection at the time of the deluge; if he finds out that it is cold, he assumes a garment which might have been the every-day garment of Methuselah. His manners are as strange as his appearance. He may often be seen walking in the park at the fashionable hour, with a far-off look in his eyes, and his hat thrust back as if to lessen the external pressure on his active brain; more rarely you may hear him bursting into enthusiasm in Piccadilly, though Piccadilly is the last place in which a man should allow himself to be enthusiastic. In short, though he is a true friend, he is an uncomfortable acquaintance; and his volcanic utterances, after long periods of calm contemplation, cause such shocks to one's nerves as would be conveyed to the Sunday citizen by the eruption of Primrose Hill. But, if it was odd that the beautiful Winifred Hanway should marry my friend, it was yet more odd that he should marry any one. There were no topics more certain to excite an explosion in the philosopher than the excessive population of the country, and the wholesome solitude of the thinker. "How," he would fiercely ask, "can a man think effectually on fundamental subjects who is compelled by the despicable circumstances of his life to exhaust his analytical faculty in considering how to pay his butcher, and when to buy his coals? I tell you, sir, it is better to starve with cold and hunger than to debase one's noblest part to a game of skill with a grasping grocer." Again and again I had heard him declaim in this preposterous fashion; and, after all, he was going to the altar like any other victim, and would doubtless take a house upon his back with the docility of a snail.

I could not solve the problem; I would not give it up. So, full of the determination to drag Diogenes out of his tub, and the secret out of Diogenes, I stepped around the corner to offer my congratulations. My friend was in his study, apparently writing, really eating a quill pen. He rose at me with a rush, wrung my hand till it ached and blushed rather uncomfortably. Congratulations are the curse of the Briton. Whether he is offering them or receiving them, he is obliged to take refuge in intermittent hand-shaking and groans. But on this occasion it was evident that the philosopher had something ready to say and nervously anxious to say it. My dear fellow, I don't know when—I really am so awfully glad, I—it's in every way so, such a satisfactory, you know—I really do wish all possible, and all that sort of thing you know,"—when he burst in with a speech so fluently delivered, that I knew I was not his earliest visitor that morning. "Of course it's taken you by surprise," he said, "as I knew it would; but the truth is that I have been thinking of it for a long time, and I am sure I am right." Here I tried to put in an expression of wonder at his new notion of his duty, but he was bent on being rid of the matter, and hurried on to his reasons. "In the first place," said he, "I am sure that instead of increasing my domestic worries, my marriage will transfer them in a body to my wife; and, secondly, when I consider the vast number of fools who are every day born into the world, I am terrified by the picture of what the next generation will be, if the thinkers of this age are to be without successors." Having discharged his reasons in this wise, the orator stood blinking at me as if he feared dissent, but I was too astounded at his magnificent audacity to reply. Slowly a loook of peace stole back into his face, a pleasant light dawned in his eyes, and the promise of a smile at the corners of his mouth. His remarkable fluency was gone, and indeed his voice sounded quite choky when he said, "Johnny, you don't know what an angel she is." A light broke in upon me. "Philosopher," I said, "I believe you are going to be married because you fell in love?" "Perhaps you are right," said the philosopher.

After the wedding the philosopher and his wife went abroad for an indefinite period, and their friends heard but little of them. He wrote to nobody, and she did not write to me. Yet there were occasional rumors. Now they were breathing the keen air of the Engadine, now sinking to the chestnuts and vines of Chiavenna; now he was lashing himself to frenzy over the treasures of Rome; now she was gazing with sweet northern eyes across the growing splendor of the bay of Naples. Then they were in Germany, and about to settle for life in a university town; but anon had fled from it in haste after a long night's dispute, in the course of which my learned friend had well nigh come to blows with the university's most celebrated professor.

At last I heard they were again in London, and, full of enthusiasm, darted round the corner to welcome them home. Nobody was with them but Mrs. Hanway, Winifred's mother. I would enter unannounced and surprise the philosopher. I entered unannounced, and was surprised myself.

Was this the effect of matrimony or of foreign travel? Each occupant of the room was engaged in an exercise wholly unconnected, as it seemed, with those of the rest. My friend's wife, the lady whom I had almost loved, queen of all grace and comeliness, was appearing and disappearing like a flash behind the day's Times, showing at the moments of disclosure flushed with excitement, and tresses coils of hair tumbled into the wildest disorder, while she accompanied the whole performance with strange and inarticulate sounds. Her mother, the same Mrs. Hanway who was so perfect a model of dress and carriage that many of her lady friends were wont to lament among themselves that she gave herself such airs, was seated on the floor, dressed for walking, but without her bonnet. Yes, she was certainly drumming on an inverted tea-tray with the wrong end of the poker. And the philosopher? It was perplexing, after three years' separation, to meet him thus. The philosopher was cantering round the room on all fours, wearing on his head his own waste paper basket. Briskly he cantered round, ever and anon frisking like a lamb in spring time, until he reached my feet, which were rooted to the spot with astonishment. He glanced up sideways, rose with a cry to the normal altitude of man and grasped me by the hand. At the sound of his voice, his wife, dropping the paper from her hands, raised them quickly to her hair; and his mother-in-law, with as much dignity as the effort would allow, scrambled on her feet. Then, in an instant, the cause of their eccentric conduct was made clear. Throned on the hearth-rug, and showing by a gracious smile a few of the newest teeth, sat a fine baby of some fifteen months. In one dimpled fist was tightly clenched the brush which had so neatly arranged the mother's braids, while the other was engaged in pounding the grandmother's best bonnet into a shapeless mass.

We were all somewhat embarrassed except the baby. The ladies knew they were untidy, and I that I was an intruder. As for the learned father, he stood now on one leg and now on the other, while he shifted the waste-paper basket from hand to hand and continued to smile almost as perseveringly as his amiable offspring. Yet it was he who at last put an end to our awkward position by expressing a wild desire to have my opinion of the new curtain in his study. Rather sheepishly I said good-by to the lady of the house, trying to express by my eyes that I would never call again unannounced. I knew that Mrs. Hanway had not forgiven me as I humbly took the two fingers that she offered; and I felt like a brute as the most important member of the family condescended to leave a damp spot by the edge of my left whisker.

When, however, I had been swept down-stairs by my impulsive friend, and was alone with him in his den, my courage returned, and with it some indignation. I confronted him, and sternly asked why I had not been told he was a father? "Not been told?" he echoed; "do you mean to say that you did not know about the baby?" "Not so much as that it was," I replied, gloomily. He was overwhelmed; of course he had supposed that everybody knew it from the queen downwards. Of course fifty people ought to have told me, who of course had told me everything else. At last my curiosity got the better of my indignation, and I cut short his apologies by beginning my questions: "Does the shape of its head content you?" I asked. "The shape of whose what?" cried the philosopher, apparently too surprised for grammar. "Of the baby's head, of course," I replied tartly; "I merely wish to know if the child is likely to be as intellectual as you hoped." "Isn't the hair lovely?" he asked, inconsistently. This was too much, and assuming my severest manner, I delivered myself in this wise: "I thought, though no doubt I was wrong, that the use of a baby to you would be partly to furnish you with raw material for a philosopher, partly to enable you, by constant observation, to gain further evidence on such vexed questions as whether the infant gathers its ideas of space by feeling about, whether it is conscious of itself, etc." "Well," he said, laughing, "I don't expect much help from my infant in these matters, unless I can get inside her and think her thoughts." "Her thoughts?" cried I, in amazement; "you don't mean to say it's a girl? Good gracious! you are not going to educate a female philosopher?" He looked rather vexed. "Of course it's a girl," he said. "The father of a female philosopher," I gasped. "Dear me!" he said, somewhat testily; "isn't it enough to be the father of a noble woman?"

Now, I have often put up with a great deal from my learned friend, and am quite aware that I have been spoken of as "Bozzy" behind my back. But there is a turning point even for the worm, and nobody will sit forever at the feet which are constantly kicking him. I had been snubbed more than once by this illogical parent, and, assuming my most sarcastic manner, I inquired with an appearance of deference: "Is it not rather early to speak of your daughter as a noble woman?"

"Not at all," said the philosopher.

I had kept aloof from the philosopher for some weeks, nursing my wrath, like Achilles, I said to myself—cross as a bear, I overheard my landlady say in the passage—when I received a hasty note begging me to come to him at once. I fancied myself summoned to a council of chiefs; so, having donned my shining armor, I left my tent with fitting dignity, and descended with a clang into the plain. Yet I could not but be aware of my landlady's eye piercing me through the crack of the parlor door purposely left ajar, and of the hasty flapping of loose slippers which told the startled slavey's flight into the abyss below.

An unusual silence held my friend's house that morning. The door was opened, before I had time to ring, by a melancholy footman, who, walking before me with the elaborate delicacy of an Agag, noiselessly ushered me in the study. It was my lot to be again rooted to the spot with amazement. By the book-case in a shaded corner of the room, with his head bowed low upon his hands, knelt the philosopher. Here was a long step from the siege of Troy, from the simple wrath of a childlike hero to the most complex embarrassment of an heir of all the ages. What should I do? The dismal menial had fled to the shades, without a word, without even a glance into the room. If I retreated, I left my friend unaided, and remained ignorant of the cause of his strange conduct. If I advanced, I was again the intruder on a scene not prepared for my inspection. In an agony of hesitation I fell to brushing my hat with my elbow; but not finding the expected relief in the occupation, I was about to desist, when my hat decided what my head could not, by falling with a crack on the floor. The effect was electrical. Without one glance at the intruder, the philosopher made a grab at the nearest book-shelf, dragged out a volume which had not been touched for half a century, and hunted for nothing in its pages with frantic eagerness. He was still at it when I stood over him and noted without wonder that he held the book upside down; then with the poorest imitation of surprise which I have ever seen, he rose and grasped my hand. "You found me on the track of something," he said; "I was looking it out in—in—"

Here it occurred to him that he did not know the name of the venerable tome which he had so rudely disturbed, and with a heightened color and a sudden change of manner he turned quickly to me and said, "My child is ill." I felt positively guilty. I had been angry with that baby for making my wise friend foolish, for not being a boy, for being called a "noble woman." Was it not shameful that a great hulking brute should sneer at a weak thing that could not answer with a taunt? Were not my clumsy sarcasms enough to crush so delicate a plant? The poor little "noble woman" was in danger, and I could do nothing to help her. There were tears in the eyes which had looked into mine for comfort, but I had nothing ready to say.

"I could not stand being alone," he muttered, after a short silence; "the doctor is with her now, and in a moment I may hear that my little daughter must—in fact may hear the worst."

While he was speaking, I seemed to have fifty consoling remarks to offer; but when he stopped, no one sentence would disengage itself from the rest. What I blurted out at last seems almost ridiculous as I look back on it.

"You must hope for the best," I said; "you know she has youth on her side."

These words where scarcely out of my mouth when I heard a measured step upon the stairs; presently the door was opened by the noiseless footman, and the most famous of London physicians entered the room. My friend leaned heavily on my arm, but he looked at the man of science with seeming calm.

"I am happy to say," said the physician, cheeringly, "that our little friend is going on as well as possible."

"And she is out of danger?"

"She never was in it."

"Never in danger?" cried I, almost disappointed.

"She has nothing the matter with her," he replied, "but a slight feverish cold. I have seldom seen a finer or more healthy child. Good morning."

I never was more annoyed. Here was a waste of my finest feelings. Here was I stirred to the depth, well nigh moved to tears by a baby's feverish cold. Of course I was very glad that it was no worse; but my friend was too absurd, and I could not spare him.

"Won't you resume your studies?" I asked, sarcastically, pointing to the disturbed book, which was lying on the ground at our feet. His humility might have disarmed me. "I am afraid I've been a fool," he said; "but if you had seen her all flushed and breathing hard; and then she was so small and fragile."

"Yes, for a noble woman," I remarked. He received the dart meekly. "Philosopher," said I, suddenly, determined to rouse him at any cost, "when I entered this room you were engaged in prayer." His color certainly deepened. "May I ask," I inquired, with an appearance of deference, whether you were addressing yourself to the Personal First Cause or the Unknowable—but perhaps you were merely bowing to the rational order of the Universe?"

He made a gesture of impatience, but answered, still with studied moderation, "I was alone and in trouble."

"And the efficacy of prayer?" I asked.

"For heaven's sake," cried he, bursting into excitement, "stop your jargon! Nothing shows such ignorance of a subject as having all its cant phrases on the top of your tongue. Can't I speak to God without expecting to be paid for it?"

This was turning the tables. If he was going to take to questions, I knew I should end by admitting myself a fool. So to avoid a Socratic dialogue I put my hand on my friend's shoulder and said: "You are a good man, philosopher; may you and the 'noble woman' live a thousand years."

"Thank you," he said, simply; "and now you must let me go and sing a psan with the nobler woman, my patient Penelope, my sweet wife."

So he went with long strides over the asphodel meadow, and I betook myself to my tent full of pleasant thoughts.

—A Kentucky horse jockey has hit upon a rubber tube running from the bit to the seat of the sulky, where there is attached a rubber bag for water or spirits, from which the trotter can drink refreshment on his track without pausing. This isn't much of an improvement on the old-fashioned pocket-flask.

—Speaker Blaine has ordered the parenthetic words "laughter," "applause," "sensation," etc., omitted from the official reports of the debates, as they only indicate the fact that members had violated the rules of the house.

OLD HICKORY'S WIFE.

Gen. Jackson's Courtship—His Devotion as a Husband—Details of the Dickinson Duel.

From the St. Louis Republican.

The following from the New York Post:

"In our remarks a day or two ago upon the forthcoming history of the United States by Mr. Bryant, we spoke of the material in the way of incident and picture which the subject would afford. Reading the other day of Jackson's visit to New York, about the time of his first inauguration, and just after his wife's death, we were greatly struck with the pictorial qualities of the story. He rode the length of Broadway on horseback, with a long weeper, at that time in fashion in Tennessee, tied around his white hat and hanging the length of his back. We have here just one of those pictures so very vivid and important of which American history in full. There is a chapter of history contained in the photograph. That he should have ridden on horseback instead of in a carriage indicates a peculiarity at the time. The long weeper tied around the white hat—a thing familiar enough in Tennessee, and yet strange in New York—recalls the fact that the various parts of the country were not then so homogeneous as they are at present. Jackson's truculent and defiant grief, even had he been conscious that his weeper was too long for the fashion in these parts, would have vindicated itself anywhere and before anybody. The weeper recalls the incidents of his wife's early life and his affection for her, both of which exerted a profound influence upon his life. It recalls the old duel with Dickinson, an encounter which, seems it to us, is one of the most terrible on record."

General Jackson's "weeper" was not the idle ensign of a mimic woe, but the emblem of a grief all too deep for words—a grief which, from the moment of its birth, went with him day and night, following him down to the grave, which he gladly entered, because he believed that through its gloomy portals he would gain admission to the presence of the woman whom he loved better than his life. "Heaven would be no heaven to me," he used to say, "if I did not think I should meet my wife there."

There is not to be found in the pages of history or of romance an instance of more chivalrous affection and constant, self-sacrificing devotion than was illustrated in Andrew Jackson's uniform conduct toward Rachael Donelson. He married her under peculiar circumstances. Her first husband was, from all accounts, a man of violent temper and unbounded caprice, with whom it was utterly impossible for anybody, however well disposed, to live in peace. After one or two reparations and reunions, they finally parted permanently, and it was soon after this event that Jackson—then a poor and unknown lawyer in the backwoods village of Nashville—asked her to share his rather unpromising fortunes. A divorce was procured through what was thought to be the proper channel, and they were united. The first months of their wedded life were spent in Natchez, and not until their return to Tennessee was it known that the court which granted the divorce had no authority to execute such an instrument—which we believe, as the law then stood, could only issue from the legislature of Virginia. But be this as it may, the legal forms were at last fully complied with, and to put an end—as it was hoped—to all possible misconstruction, the marriage ceremony was again performed. Had Jackson remained an obscure man, the matter never would have been revived, but as soon as he took the first steps in the career which was to land him in the presidential chair, jealousy unloosed the hands of calumny, and enemies who could find no nobler plan to attack, struck at him through the bosom of his wife. This was a sin which he never could and never would forgive; and whoever had breathed a word against the fair fame of that idolized object, made an eternal and inexorable foe of one who came fairly up to the Johnsonian standard of "a good hater." The duel with Dickinson, alluded to in the above extract, had its real origin here.

Dickinson was a promising young man, belonging to a highly respectable family in Nashville, and the junior of Jackson by several years. Attached to a different and hostile faction, he imagined a rival where none really existed, and, being in the habit of drinking too freely, occasionally made remarks which would not bear repetition. Of course they were repeated, and to the one of all others most deeply interested. When the first offense of this sort transpired, Jackson went to Dickinson's father-in-law, told what he had heard, and begged him to guard, if possible, against a similar occurrence in the future. The warning was of no avail, for when the wine was again in the ascendant, Dickinson threw out the same slurs, and this time they cost him his heart's blood. The duel ostensibly originated in a horse-race, which, by the way, was never run; but the animus of it, so far as Jackson was concerned, lay in the fact that Dickinson had spoken ill of Mrs. Jackson. It is unnecessary to repeat all the details of the meeting, which was indeed, as the Post says, "one of the most terrible on record." Dickinson was a dead shot; could hit a half-dollar at ten paces, kill birds on the wing, and perform other miraculous feats with the pistol. He was as brave and cool as he was skillful, and never entertained a doubt as to the result of the combat. The arrangement was that when the word was given they could fire as soon as they please. Jackson, knowing Dickinson's superior quickness with his weapon, resolved not to attempt to get the first fire, but to take the chances for a second. The instant the signal was shouted, Dickinson fired. The dust flew from the breast of the loose fitting black frock coat which Jackson wore, but he stood there like a pillar of adamant, apparently unharmed. Dickinson started back in horror and amazement, exclaiming, "My God! have I missed him?" His stern and unrelenting antagonist took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol did not respond. He looked and found it was only at half-cock. A second time he took aim, and, as the sharp crack rang out among the silent woods where the deadly scene was laid, Dickinson tottered and fell into the arms of his friend. He died the same night. Jackson was able to mount his horse and ride home next day—barely able, for the bullet, which seemed to miss him, had really passed through the fleshy part of his breast and cut the breast-bone. His shoes were full of blood when he walked from the fatal field, but he concealed the fact, as he said, "because he did not want Dickinson to have the satisfaction of knowing that he had hit him at all." In answer to the question how he could, after receiving such a shock, retain his steadiness of nerve, he replied: "I believe I should have killed him had he shot me through the brain." The wound never healed properly, was the occasion of frequent hemorrhages in later years, and ultimately caused his death. There is no evidence going to show that Jackson ever repented of this duel. Long afterwards—indeed, only a few weeks before he died—a friend visiting his sick chamber happened to pick up an old pistol lying on the mantel. The keen-eyed invalid saw the movement, and remarked quietly: "That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson." In spite of his conversion and consistent fellowship with the church, there was a deal of the "old Adam" remaining in "Old Hickory" to the last.

Those who saw Mrs. Jackson in her youth say that at that period she was a plump and quite pretty brunette. But in middle age the plumpness increased until all signs of a waist had disappeared, and the dark complexion became still darker, until it was almost the tint of venerable mahogany. In plain words she was a short, fat, and remarkably common looking old woman, ungraceful, of course, and not at all versed in the ways of polite society. Her husband, on the contrary, though square and angular in figure, and quite as destitute of culture as his wife, was confessedly one of the most elegant gentlemen of his day. His public life, particularly after the battle of New Orleans, brought him into close communication with the gay world, and his manners contributed as much as his fame to make him the centre of every circle in which he mingled. But neither the sweet smiles or the sweeter words of the beauties who crowded around him ever made him for an instant forget—much less prove false to—the mistress of his soul. Even his most intimate friends could not discover by any word or act on his part that he was conscious of his wife's physical disadvantages and lack of what is called good breeding. To him she was not old or ugly, not ignorant or awkward—but always young, always handsome, always the embodiment of brightness and of grace. No knight that ever laid lance in rest was more devoted to the fair lady whose colors he wore, than was Jackson to the ancient dame who bore his name. She was the only human being who could stem the torrent of his fearful passion. A word from her lips, a glance from her eye, and the iron man, blazing with wrath and apparently as untamable as the lion of the jungles, became as tame as a lamb. He loved her from the very depths of his stony nature, and because he loved her she could transform the storm into a calm. One might infer from the extent of this influence over such a character, that Mrs. Jackson was, what we now term, "a strong-minded woman." But she was far removed from that questionable honor. The late Thomas H. Benton, in a book which is a much better monument to his memory than the bronze abortion in Lafayette park, gives a charming picture of "Aunt Rachel," as he affectionately calls her. In this sketch, drawn by a loving hand, she is represented as an extremely modest and unassuming person, who never lost her native simplicity of thought and action in attempting to keep pace with the rising fortunes of her husband. When the most brilliant triumph of the war had lifted him high above all competitors, and when that triumph had been supplemented by his election to the first office in the gift of his countrymen, she was the same amiable, sensible, unaffected woman as when they lived together in a log cabin and had nothing to distinguish them from their humblest neighbors. To her he was never "the general," but always "Mr. Jackson;" and she valued his wonderful success in life for the pleasure it gave him, and not for the glory reflected upon her. A sincere and ardent Christian, a fond wife, a true friend, a constant and liberal benefactor of the poor, she faithfully discharged her duties to God and man, and found therein her highest happiness. All who knew her loved "Aunt Rachel," as such women, from their rarity, deserve to be loved; and when she died there was mourning, not only in the stately "Hermitage," but in every negro hut for miles around.

Jackson, as we have remarked, never entirely rallied from the blow which his wife's death inflicted. He went to the White House in many respects a changed man. He laid aside, to a great extent, those tremendous oaths which used to make the air of Tennessee turn blue; he grew softer, tenderer, more ready to forgive than in former years, and was—for her sake—the firm and indomitable champion of all slandered women. He broke up his cabinet in sustaining Mrs. Eaton—though there was probably more truth than slander in her case—and would never listen to or countenance any of that so-called "gossip" which delights in insinuations against female virtue. Because his wife was pure, he believed—and was proud to believe—all her sex was as pure as she. He wore next his heart an old-fashioned miniature of his lost darling, and each night before retiring he laid it on the table beside the bed, so that he might look at it while reading a chapter in her Bible. Their ashes repose side by side, and if there be such a thing as reunion beyond the confines of the tomb, surely their souls are blended in the land where death never comes, nor any sickness nor sorrow—but where love is immortal as Him who gave it.

—The editor of the Detroit Free Press, says a rival country editor, is one of the few journalists who can put an enemy in his mouth without fear of its stealing anything.